

P.O. BOX 101
STONY MOUNTAIN

ALBERTA
ROC 3A0



THE TERMINATOR



CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

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THE TERMINATOR MAGAZINE

The Terminator magazine is produced every month or bi-monthly, by the inmates of Stony Mountain Penitentiary and sanctioned by the Dept. of the Solicitor General.

Any and all viewpoints expressed in this publication are those of the writer and not necessarily those of the editorial staff of the magazine nor those of the administration of the institution. This magazine is not liable for any item that may offend any individual (s) reading the magazine.

Our editorial policy is that we will print any and all articles from both inmates or ex-inmates, and from persons outside of the institution who wish an article published. We welcome any and all forms of article. We must state, however, that all articles of a controversial nature must be substantiated prior to publication.

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P.O. BOX 101
STONY MOUNTAIN? MAN.
ROC 3A0

This publication is under the Liason of Mr. Brian Thorgrimson.

INDEX

THE EDITOR

.....staff

THE DRUG REPORT

.....a freind

ADVERTISEMENT

.....Harry Derkach

STONY MOUNTAIN GREETES THE STARS

.....Mike Kopochinski

ADVERTISEMENT: LITERARY CONTEST

.....staff

INSTITUTIONALIZATION

.....staff

PARTICIPACTION

.....staff

SPORTS

.....Mike Korochinski

INSANITY OR BUM TRIP?

.....

DECK OF MEMORIES

.....staff

INSIDE IN

.....J. Weir

DACHAU IN THE 1970's

.....J. Weir

.....staff

ENTERTAINMENT

.....Daryle Johnston

.....Mike Kopochinski

THANKYOU ONE AND ALL CONTRIBUTORS.
USE US GUYS? THIS IS YOUR PAPER!!

To those of you who would like to receive our magazine, the cost is \$ 3.00 per year. Just drop us the necessary info. so that we will know where to send it for a speedy delivery.

If you have any comments about issues or the paper itself, please feel free to inform us. Thankyou. ---The editor

Enclosed find \$ 3.00 money order or cheque for a one year subscription to:

The Terminator Magazine

Box 101

Stony Mountain, Manitoba, Canada

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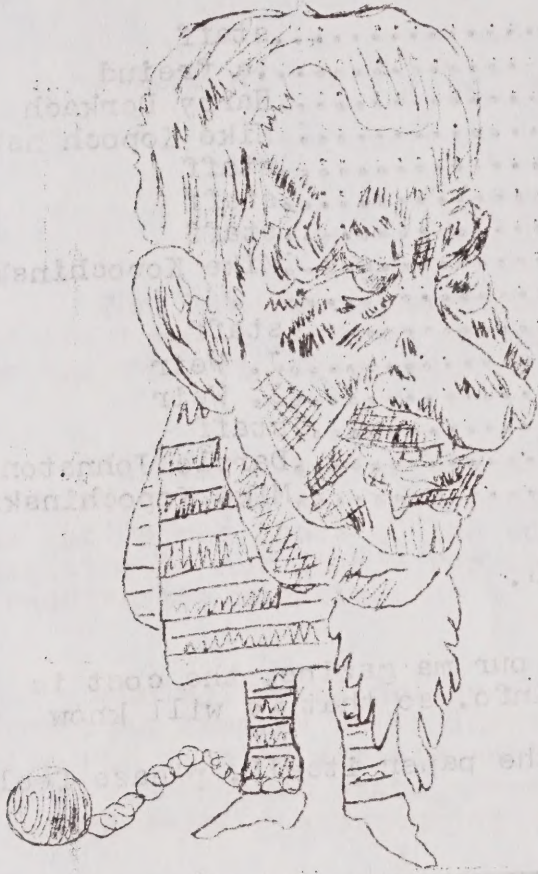
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DO NOT SEND CASH

THE EDITOR.



For the past short while, our faithful editor has been rather ill. We are hopeful that he may be out of the hospital by the time this issue goes to print. However, boss, we are stumbling along without you for the time being, hopeful that you can rejoin us in the very near future.

This is the first issue I have worked on in almost a year. I have, since that time, visited the greener pastures of Drumheller; and found the grass brown. I have spent an enlivening three months in Prince Albert and found it to be quite normal; only seven knifings in five weeks! The newspapers had a feild day out there. Finally, at long last; back here. I am, of course, amazed at some of the changes I see but I shall save that for later on in the issue.

Naturally, I encourage all our readers to sit down with pen in hand and write out an article or two for the Terminator. We are always anxious to hear from our readers regardless of whether they are inside or outside. We also recognize the work involved in undertaking to write an article and we greatly appreciate the labour that you put into it. I should make mention at this point that we also like to receive poetry and short stories and all sorts of things. For those of you inside, we have a box in the central dome for your convenience. For those of you on the outside, our address is on the inside front cover of this issue. Happy writting.

I believe that we have a fairly good issue for you this time. We sincerely hope that all of you appreciate parts of the magazine.

With our good wishes for the future, please read on. This is your newspaper and we hope that it does as much for you as it does for us.

It is a Saturday morning. It is breakfast time. You are in a deep sleep, enjoying the hours that you can spend in slumber to rid yourself of the tensions that have built up during the week. Suddenly, you are awakened from your dreams by a nerve shattering slam. This one slam is followed by twenty more. You know that it is breakfast time and that a lot of people don't have enough class to open their cell doors quietly. You forgive them their indiscretion and drift back to sleep. A very short time later, you are once again awoken by the noises coming from a couple of dozen throats as the guys that went to breakfast shout back and forth to each other. You want to get out of bed and strangle a few people and mash a few heads, but you figure that it isn't worth all the trouble.

You try to go back to sleep but the noise still persists and your watch tells you that it's ten o'clock. You get out of bed and dress. All of a sudden you notice that there is no more noise. You look about you and notice that all the noisemakers have gone back to bed. Seething with anger, you return to your cell and remain hostile for the remainder of the day.

Sunday morning, there is a recurrence of the process. You know that you are losing your cool. You know who the guilty parties are and you subconsciously endeavour to set them up for a fall. One of them beaks off, and you hit the roof. Not only do you hit the roof, but you hit them. Then you hit them again, and again, and again...ad infinitum. Everyone figures you're crazy, of course. However, the noise stops because the next time it occurs, you walk out into the hallway, bare assed, and you shout, "Dummy up on the noise you goofs!", and they remember what happened to the last guy you tangled with and they shut up. Yes sir, it's a great way to do time isn't it.

Do you participate in sports? Isn't it nice when you're playing basketball and some silly jerk tried to hip check you or trip you as you carry the ball up the floor at breakneck speed; and possibly break your arms? It sure is a great game. Does it give you the feeling that you want to retaliate? Do you then smack the guy good and proper and promptly get thrown out of the game for fighting? Do you seeth with anger knowing that the referees could have prevented the trouble if they had done their jobs properly by throwing the guy out of the game for flagrant fouls!?

Are you a good floorhockey player? Have you ever noticed how the opposition always tries to use sick tactics to stop your march on their net. Have you ever noticed how they'll set you up and try to injure you so that you can't play anymore that season? Yep, great game.

Have you ever noticed how some others are always saying that they are authorities on sports, prisons, and a number of other topics; in fact, just about anything you could name! Have you watched these guys closely to find out just how much they do know? Have you ever noticed how it is usually nothing at all!

Have you ever wondered why the musicians usually play the same songs time and time again at socials? Do you think that it's because they don't know anything else or because they are so busy arguing with one another that they don't have time for music practice; in between the times that they break up that is!

Yes, this retard puzzle factory is a great place to be. It sure does remind me of how very lucky I am to be here instead of somewhere sane!

harry dorkach

The problem with the present system, in this ever progressing world where people would rather not have their names discriminated against because it's a bad credit risk, instead of helping other people out of problems that are labelled personal and are not supposed to be worked out by another person; only the one that has the problem, is the attitude that has been pushed into people's own minds by the people who are trying to rule the world (but not letting the public know about it until they are programmed to accept it), with their psychologically implanted propaganda that leads others to accept and believe their own wants and beliefs, (meaning the beliefs of those in power), and, therefore, slowly changing the future of the world into what they want it to be.

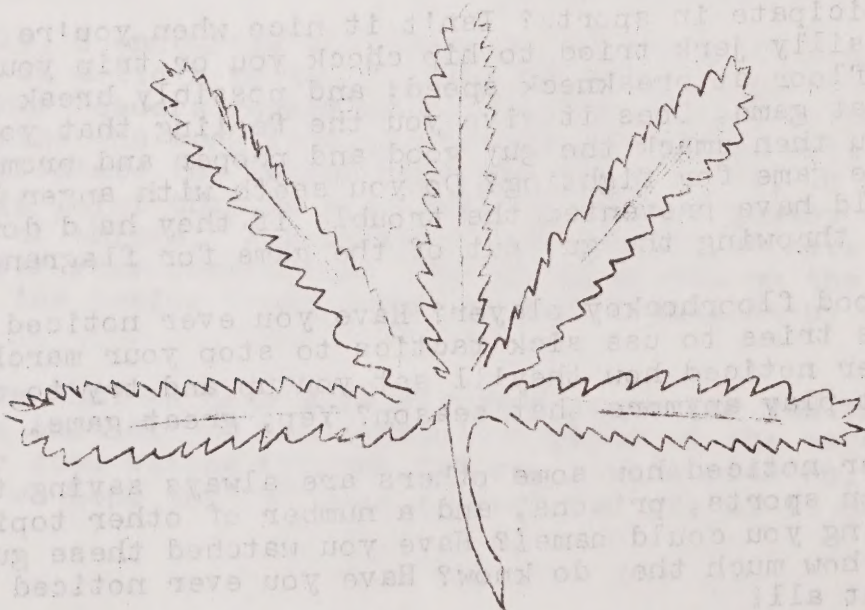
Due to the fact that there are more than one of these people on earth, so many different ideas and beliefs about life are constantly thrust onto countless numbers of others in a countless number of countries in the world.

As a result of this, so many different themes on how this earth should run are being used and forced into production before they're logically tested so as not to disrupt the natural progression of the world. This causes conflict on such a grand scale that it is now impossible to correct the damage that has been done.

As to the patterns of life that you had been told to abide by as you were growing up...well! Which do you believe in when you find something wrong with it that isn't logically acceptable to you? Or - what does logic mean when nobody seems to be using theirs? Or - What is logic supposed to be and how are we gifted with it?

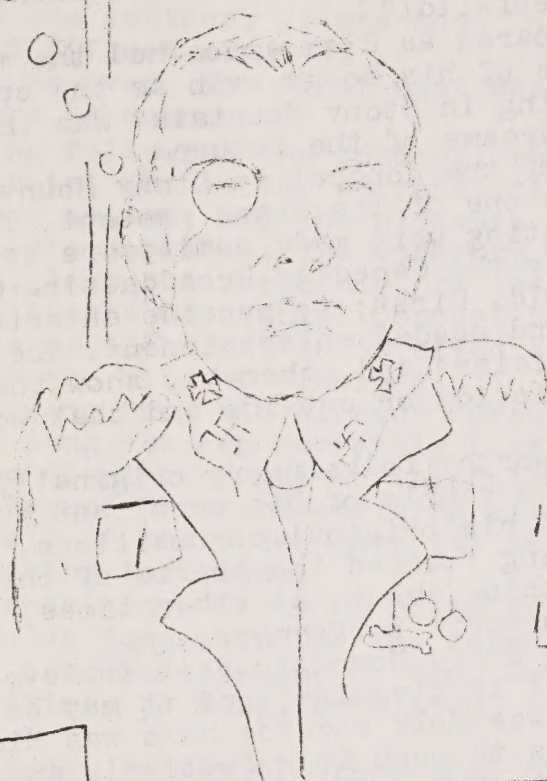
Why don't we use it?

Can you answer the question?



IT WILL BE
MY WAY OR NO
WAY AT ALL

STALAG 13



STAFF NEWS

FROM THE FRONT
(AND NOT THE RUSSIAN FRONT)

AN EVENING CONCERT

On Thursday, March 18th, 1976, the lights in the old chapel dimmed. An eagerly waiting body of almost three hundred inmates sat on four sides of a mass of equipment in the centre. The overhead lights were hot; as any studio arrangement would be. Smoke in the air was dense. An aura of tension was predominant in the large room.

Soft strains of instruments being tuned could be heard above the whispering of the crowd. Seemingly from nowhere, a voice suddenly said: "Ladies and Gentlemen, here's Rick Neufeld!"

The crowd clapped and roared as Rick approached the microphone. He immediately began singing one of his songs even as the crowd was cheering. Could this really be an evening in Stony Mountain? Was this real? Perhaps we were all having pleasant dreams of the future.

That was the beginning of the concert in Stony Mountain on the above mentioned date. Rick was only one of the stars present. Through the show, a number of inmates participating were made semi-stars as well.

The show was sponsored by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The aim of the show was twofold. First; to provide entertainment to a group of people that wanted and needed entertainment. The second was to employ some of the inmate musicians and, thereby, show that music is a common ground whether we are inside or outside and that we are people, too. Both aims were successful.

Tom Jackson, a very noteworthy folksinger, originally from Alberta, but now from everywhere, gave a sample of his excellent musical ability. He performed a total of six of his original compositions. His deep bass voice and the words that he sang touched the hearts of the listeners and gave them more philosophy to think about. At other times, he sang beautiful base harmonies for some of the other performers.

As if that wasn't enough, Stony Mountain fell in love with one of the performers, (said to be an angel in disguise; and it may be true), when she was introduced. The music was folk and the name was Mimi Farinia; a celebrity for a number of years through folk festivals and various charitable appearances. Mimi came to the concert all the way from San Francisco. She cancelled a number of appearances just so that she could be with us for the show. Her appearance was met with warm enthusiasm by both the inmates and the other performers. Her songs were lovely and she sang with the voice of an angel; reaching all who could listen.

The backup musicians for the show called themselves Rick and the Road Treads. They did a few numbers of their own as well. The versatility of every member of the group was amazing. They ran through a medley of old rock numbers. Bill Haley couldn't have done any better. In fact, Elvis; eat your heart out!

As I said earlier, one of the purposes in the show was to indicate to the public that we, in here, are the same as everyone out there. This was shown through the inside musicians working with those from the outside. This was illustrated when Ken Ducharme sang "LODI"; a Credence Clearwater Revival song. Demonstrating the true performer that he truly is. Ken put on a show that made everyone laugh and really got the show moving. Daryle Johnston sang a Dobie Grey song, "Drift Away". The band sang excellent harmonies to the song. Fred Lavalie sang "The Next Teardrop" with Mimi Farinia doing the harmonies and the band playing along. It, too, was a touching song and was welcomed with applause and cheers. Frank Borden sang a blues song with the help of the band. This song was highlighted by the excellent and illuminating guitar work of Harry Derkash; one of our very best musicians. The tasteful methodology applied to the song made it the biggest crowd pleaser of the evening.

(concert cont'd)

As I said, the music was great. The response was even greater. The people we saw who were all responded to. The entire entourage; including the CBC staff received a standing ovation that lasted upwards of two minutes; probably the longest ovation in the history of the institution. Tears were evident on the faces of some of the inmates and some, if not almost all, of the performers and CBC staff.

As the show closed, the performers were thronged, or should I say mobbed, by the crowds. Everywhere, people were running around shaking hands and hugging one another. It was mass confusion bordering on hysteria for the next fifteen minutes.

Finally, it was over. The first part was done. Yes, I did say first part. There is more to come.

On the morning following the concert, the cameras were still rolling in Stony Mountain. The guitar players, singers, songwriters, and anyone else who was around, had the pleasure of participating in a guitar and songwriter's workshop. The workshop was held with Rick Neufeld, Mini Farina, and, last but certainly not least, Bruce Cockburn; who held a conference at the Centennial Concert Hall the night before and had pleased the crowds so much that he received a twenty minute standing ovation, a first for the city of Winnipeg.

Bruce sang a song from his already famous new album. The song was Hand Dancing; the song you can currently hear on the charts. He demonstrated a dazzling display of guitar ingenuity. To get everyone going, he and Rick went around the room enticing all the inside guitar players to give a little medley of their own material and demonstrate where they are at with finger picking technique.

Mimi, the adorable new Stony Mountain angel, sang Daniel and Family Circle. Everyone else jumped in for the chorus. Bruce then ended the workshop with the song made famous by him, Burn Baby Burn. Again, he got everyone participating. We sang, we played, and we all had a very good time.

For an additional twenty minutes, Mimi directed a rap session with about two dozen people about music, what it means to them, prison, and a host of other topics. This, too, was filmed.

The project was a success no matter how one looks at it. We are all grateful for the opportunity that was presented to us. The people at CBC tell us that there may be more in the wind for us. Only time will tell. One thing for sure, the experience of working with these people has changed the lifestyles of a great many of us inside. We all thank you and wish you every success.

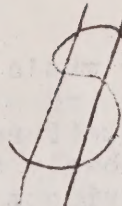
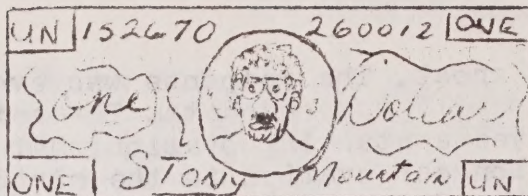
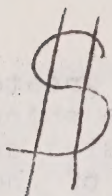
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EDITORIAL NOTICE:

The time you've all been waiting for has arrived! The old, but famous, Stony Mountain "Dear Abbey or Something" column is returning to the Terminator.

The co-ordinator is Ray Brelands. All you have to do is write in a question. Place it either in M-2-23 or in the Terminator box in the central dome. It doesn't matter what the column is. It doesn't even matter what the question is. Ray will find the answer to anything you want to know.

NO WISECRACKS PLEASE!!!



MONEY?

MONEY!

MONEY!

MONEY!

MONEY!

MONEY!

The Terminator Magazine, in conjunction with the Inmate Welfare Committee, is sponsoring a LITERARY CONTEST.

- The total amount in prizes is \$ 50.00 ! This money will be diversified into three categories:

SHORT STORIES:	1st - \$ 8.00
	2nd - \$ 5.50
	3rd - \$ 4.00

POEMS:	1st - \$ 6.00
	2nd - \$ 5.00
	3rd - \$ 4.00

ARTICLES:	1st - \$ 8.00
	2nd - \$ 5.50
	3rd - \$ 4.00

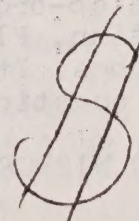
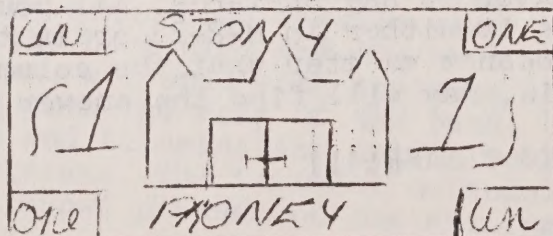
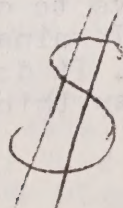
A TOTAL OF \$ 50.00 IN PRIZES.

All entries will be judged by a panel consisting of the Terminator editorial staff and a few select individuals whom we feel are qualified to render a just and unbiased opinion. No one from the judging panel is allowed to participate.

Drop your entries into the Terminator box in the central dome outside of M-1, or deliver them to M-2-23;;;SOON. The winners will be announced in the next issue of the Terminator.

Once a piece has been entered, it becomes the property of the Terminator Magazine and can be used by us for any purpose we wish. All entries should be written neatly or typed so that we can read them as easily as possible.

DON'T DELAY? WRITE TODAY!!!



INSTITUTIONALIZATION
OR
HOW TO MAKE RAP CITY

In conversing with two inmates serving life sentences the other day, I was asked how I had managed to maintain my dubious equilibrium during my five year term in various penitentiaries. It then occurred to me, that there are probably a countless number of others who are wondering how to avoid the pitfalls of institutional living. Therefore, we decided to run this brief bit of news in the hopes that someone will be enlightened.

To begin with, the main problem the individual faces in any prison is the constant oppression. This comes in many forms; the sight of prison officers, the sound of keys in a lock, the regimentalization of inmates, the tension created by time itself.

After a period of time, almost all inmates fall into patterns that, inevitably, rule their existence from that point on. In some cases, those patterns are destructive and cause one to become institutionalized. In other cases, the patterns are destructive and cause people to become embittered and, therefore, also in thrall to the system they loathe. Still, in other cases, the pattern is constructive and the person goes out to gain all he can and, therefore, improve his situation. It is this latter phase that enables one to beat the system and prevent that occurrence of what we call 'institutionalization'.

Stony Mountain, for all its bad points, has a few outstanding avenues of escape. These avenues, if properly employed, can do wonders for the individual using them. One can become involved in the education program. (All of us can use more education that we have regardless of how knowledgeable we feel we are). A person can attend such groups as the Jay Cees or Toastmasters and gain knowledge in public speaking, learn the meaning of civic duty and how to organize events. (Even Henry David Thoreau, the greatest revolutionary philosopher of the past two hundred years agreed that we have a civic duty; and he was totally against the system!) If we have a drinking or a drug problem; one of those that is beyond our individual control, we can always participate in Alcoholic's Anonymous. The music program gives people insight into themselves more and more each day. In fact, there are more people involved in music than there ever has been before.

All this leads to the one point that I am trying to make, we must keep our heads above the water. We should reach out and grasp all that we can while we are still able to do so. We should have a total awareness of our situation here as well as what is going on outside.

If we can do these things, there will never be such a thing as institutionalization. There would be no one for it to happen to. The fact is, we would become so advanced, there there would not be room for any of the foolish concepts that now abound in all prisons in this country. We would see a total change.

The choice, of course, is ours. We can fall under the load and perish; as all animals do when they can't adapt. Or, we can fight in a constructive manner and come out far ahead.

I don't really want to get into this particular angle of it, but I will say, in closing, that it always helps if one has a clear insight into the political and economic state of the country. In this way, one can predict the possibilities of the future.

76



SPORTS
SPORTS
SPORTS

PAGE

PARTICIPATION!

Currently in sports, there isn't too much happening. As all know, the hockey season is over. The ice has melted, sporadically, and it is now impossible to play on what is left.

We still have a good foot of snow in most spots on the ground. That, of course, cuts out the ground sports for the time being.

The gymnasium is in good use. A lot of people are playing either basketball or floor hockey at present. There also seems to be a great move towards shuffleboard and ping pong; not to mention the number of people using the mini-gym for calistenics.

Good weather prevailing, we will all be out playing baseball and running in the near future. That will, of course, open up the tennis courts and give us the usual number of paddleball players.

Heads up; better days are coming.

EDITORIAL COMMENT:

Unfortunately, the commissioner of sports, Gord. Flett, seems to be so busy doing nothing that he can't take the time away from his duties (that he has everyone else doing) to write an article for the Terminator.

We suggest that you do your job a bit better and try to give us some idea of what is happening in sports. Only with your full cooperation can we present a true picture of the sports situation to those who want to know....d.j.

by the way...what were all those funny sounds you were making the other day at that basketball game Gord? You sounded as though you were losing a lot of money. See! You should always bet on the Freak Brothers. They are the best.....sometimes.



In the not too distant past, we witnessed, for the third time, the unfolding of a kidnapping drama in the British Columbia Penitentiary at New Westminster. The incident was resolved without any deaths; as opposed to the previous incident, and with all sides receiving what it desired.

Now, only short weeks later, a similar incident occurred in Prince Albert Penitentiary in northern Saskatchewan. This incident, too, found its ending without bloodshed.

All of these kidnapping incidents have in common, one primary factor; they were all carried out by inmates serving sentences in Maximum Security prisons in Canada. This may not seem like much of a statement. However, consider that there are many many more medium and minimum security institutions in Canada than there are maximum.

Whereas, there are approximately 2,000 maximum security inmates in Canada, there are approximately 20,000 medium or minimum security inmates.

It would appear to me that it's time that the system took a look at their maximum security institutions to discover just what it is that drives inmates to the point of such despair where they feel they have no alternative but that which they proscribe to by kidnapping officers.

Not only the prison personnel suffer as a result of despair. In Prince Albert, at one time, the suicide-knifing- and murder- rate would average out to almost one a week. In the past few months there has been a rapid increase in knifings; than compared to two years ago.

This system, the one controlled by you, the public, and by the police, has made a number of errors. The first of these was to begin sentencing people to prison for such long periods of time. There are sixteen year olds serving life sentences. There is one in Drumheller, Alberta, at present who has just turned eighteen. He has already been in two years and spent the first year in British Columbia Penitentiary. There are many in Drumheller that aren't much older.

By law, the least amount of time a person can do on a life sentence is ten years. You may not think that is much time. However, I urge you at this point to go back in your memory and find out what you were doing ten years ago. Now, imagine forsaking all of that for a ten year period in prison.

As if that isn't enough, some people serving life sentences are required to serve twenty years before they can be let out. Imagine the cruelty of that. Chances are that you can't remember what you were doing twenty years ago.

Imagine living in a 9'x12' concrete box everyday for that twenty or ten years. Imagine the nerve shattering clang as the steel doors are constantly opening and closing with that final bang. Imagine five hundred people walking around, in single file, in green pseudo-uniforms. Imagine having to do everything by the tone of a bell; from arising in the morning to necessary bodily functions. Imagine eating food that looks really good on paper but tastes like the paper upon which the menu is written. Imagine having to use three blankets in order to maintain a semblance of warmth. Imagine leaving a piece of bread on the floor at night and watching a number of enlarged sewer rats competing for the sorry morsel you've offered. Imagine those same rats surging through the toilet pipes and biting exposed parts of your anatomy while you defecate. Imagine being so alone, despite visits and letters, that you talk to yourself in the wee hours of the morning. Imagine yourself so frightened of the other inmates and the guards that you are incapable of meeting any other person on a one to one level.

If you can do these, then you will have just the barest glimmer of what desperation really is.

(Bum Trip cont'd)

Some of these conditions exist in medium and minimum security institutions as well. The one big difference, however, is that not all of them exist at the same time. Therefore, a person is better able to cope with the problems when they do arise.

The system has created it's own monsters. That doesn't mean that you make the monsters worse. It means that you tame them. Generally, the system acts like a snake that bites it's own tail. The kidnappers will receive much lengthlier sentences. Of course this will throw them even further into despair; and, again, there will be kidnappings and murders.

Society seems to feel safe in giving long sentences to people who commit crimes against the state. Judges are sentencing people to stupid amounts of time for rehabilitation purposes. I hate to disillusion the public. I will state right now that there is NO SUCH THING as rehabilitation. That is simply a word that the justice department has coined to justify their mass expenditures on new staff for prisons.

Rehabilitation is a state of mind. It is not induced by treatment forced upon an individual with one hand, and then taken away with the other for "disciplinary" purposes, or some other silly reason. It is not induced by waving a T.A. in front of a guy's nose and then telling him that he must behave in a manner acceptable to the administration first. In fact, a number of administrators are more abnormal than the inmates that they are keeping!

Rehabilitation does not grow out of bitterness; which is exactly what the system does breed in people in prison. Rehabilitation, or, the psychological changes necessary to make a person a fully rational being, comes from self-awareness. It comes from a deep rooted desire to become oneself. It comes from peace and tranquility. It comes when one takes the time to stop and realize that everyone is not hostile towards him and that there is a good chance that he (she) can lead a normal life if he (she) meets society half way.

Prison, as it is, can not achieve that goal. The chances of success for the future look dim as well. Unless the government is willing to sacrifice a little of their "role playing" in the interests of public safety, and to fulfill the full obligations of prison, then, we are all in a grave state of peril. The fact is, that once a person has gone over the edge, it is only with great difficulty that he (she) can be brought back to the realities of life. Then, the procedure must begin again to give the individual the weapons that they need in order to make the best out of what they have.

No, we are not going about this the right way. A recidivism rate of 83.4% should prove this to everyone. We have, collectively, enough power to change these things.

When an inmate is released, he should attempt to enlighten the public at every opportunity. Don't worry about losing your job or making your parole officer angry. Tell it like it is.

You, the public, can write your M.P.'s and put the heat on. This will be reflected in the House and discussions inevitable bring change.

If you, and we, forsake our duty as free thinking individuals, and do nothing, then we are little better than those who believe the garbage that we see as being good, and we deserve everything we get.

Speak out. Check around. Find out just how much of prison we really know and how we can change that which needs changing.

DECK OF MEMORIES

Sit a lone
in your striped gloom
playing solitaire with a deck of memories
gather them
Stack them
split them
shuffle them
deal them out in horizontal rows
and attempt to form them
in order.

Slyly
peek at the bottom of the pile
it won't help you
it's a dead card
vainly try
to set
the red
against
the black
slide one row aside for another
however long you replay the game
it never seems
to end.

Stop then....
and ask yourself
Am i playing with a full deck?

J. Weir
15/1/76

NOTE: Thanks to J. Weir for both of his outstanding poems.
We enjoyed them very much as we are sure that our readers will.
Keep it up; we believe you have great talent at your disposal.

INSIDE IN

Fluttering wraiths suspended in time
Mere shadows of former men
Oozing into the concrete corridors
Intertwining with the blued steel
Emotion escaping from compressed lips
Reflected from walls of stone
Refracted through bars of iron
Moving distorted through space
Seeking the ear of understanding
But finding no means of entry
Rolling back upon itself
In jagged destructive ridges.

Routine governed by successive ticks
Yesterday was tomorrow the day before
But today is tomorrow's yesterday
Time is all the could have beens
And now is then except...
A single digit controlling all
A finger that moves the hands
Yet never obscures the face
An ever coiled mainspring
Turning the cogs in unison
Sweeping forever in a circle
Maintaining a constant tension

Other beings move within the circle
Stamped out of plastic moulds
L.U.2

C.X.4

C.X.6

Successive models snapped in place
Numbers stamped on concave foreheads
Shuttling down the endless line
Jaws snapping at the poisoned air
Expelling noxious by-products
Through various vents and openings
Replacing the inadvertent evils
With a refined distillate.

J. Weir
29/10/75

Late last year, the penitentiary-police branch of the Civil Service held a three day conference in Montreal. The revelations of the conference are a constant source of concern for every inmate in Canadian institutions, and should be to the general public as well.

The conference came about as a result of a number of police shooting events throughout the past fourteen months. It's inception was forced by the verbal comments on television and radio by various union leaders in varying portions of the country in both penitentiaries and police houses.

The main issue was that good old political football, Capital Punishment. The emotion charged atmosphere in the convention hall was such that even those who didn't agree with the return of hanging, had to do so in order to protect themselves. However, the conference did not end when everyone present agreed on hanging. It carried over into other areas as well.

One resolution was that the T.A. program be shut down as it was tantamount to cojoling inmates. It was stated that all social activity in all prisons should be revised so that inmates didn't forget that they were serving a sentence as a result of a crime and that they are not to be treated as anyone's equal.

Another portion of the meeting found resolutions for the return of corporal correction; a practice made illegal and inhumane by law some years ago. These conventionists felt that they would like to have a return of the whip and paddle.

For those of you who are unaware of what this is, allow me to let you know just what they wish.

The paddle is a perforated, felt device of the approximate shape and size of a tennis racket. A person is strapped to a table and this paddle is swung, with force, onto his backside, upper thighs, and lower back. The result of this instrument is horrendous. More often than not, the person passes out after only a few swipes. His flesh is mutilated to the point where he would spend a certain amount of the time hospitalized. It becomes impossible for one to sit down until after a month or so. Scars are predominant for the rest of his life wherever the paddle struck.

The whip is a device straight out of the Spanish Inquisition. It is a piston like device in operation. The inmate is strapped to a large "X" shaped cross. The device is activated and it automatically whips the object on the cross. Sometimes you will see more archaic examples of this device in museums. Sometimes a person must wield the whip. Prince Albert has one of these devices in it's storeroom under the central dome.

No matter how you look at it, this is a rough proposition. These suggestions did not come from inmates. They came from the defenders of the public. They came from police officers and prison guards. (This does not mean all of them; only certain ones). However, the fact remains that there are obviously rapidly clouding lines between what is acceptable and what is inhumane.

It was suggested that inmates are mindless beasts. I wonder just who is what.

Think about it. We are reliving the horrors of the POW camps and their tortures today, in the twentieth century. Mankind has not gone as far as he would like to believe.

If we, as a people, are to allow this to occur, then we would surely reveal ourselves as a nation of animals. Certainly it is wrong to take the life of another human being. However, there is at least, some honesty in the fact that those people who do kill are generally reacting to a situation they can not handle. That is a far cry from the premeditated executions that are little more than murder sanctified by the state.

CIRCUMSTANCES

by Daryle Johnston

Have you ever noticed how a person, or a group of people will build an empire for themselves and then defy anyone outside their group to enter into that empire? Have you ever taken note that most political, social, and penal institutions are that way? Have you ever wondered why?

In a behavioural psychology course not too long ago, we studied this particular phenomenon of human animals. We discovered that, in almost seventy per cent (70 %) of the cases, the individuals were either people who never had anything before in their lives, or were people who had met with rejection on a continual basis for a number of years.

Beyond that point, unless one were to study the actual case histories, all would be speculation. However, doesn't it amaze you to know that very often the people that are in power in very influential positions are semi-retards? This of course doesn't apply to anyone in particular. The only factor about which I am concerned, is that so often we fall victim to the circumstances in which these people have absolute control. Sometimes this can be good, but when you are talking about a prison, you are into something entirely different.

The fact of the matter is that if a person in authority has too much power, or if he is on some trip and the power goes to his head, he is capable of ruining the futures of many. This has been proven true in a number of specific instances in a number of institutions in Canada, United States, and England. There is no such thing as a degree of incompetency. There is simply the fact that the person belongs and, therefore, is beyond reproach.

Think about it. It's an interesting topic.

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Stony Mountain has had a knifing. Nothing too serious but it could have been a lot worse. Does that mean that the place is getting better or that it's worse? I guess that depends entirely on how you look at it. One thing for sure, the RCMP are having fun with it.

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A word to the TOASTMASTERS: Gentlemen, you're all great. Best wishes from the TERMINATOR STAFF and from all our freinds; who also happen to be Toastmasters.

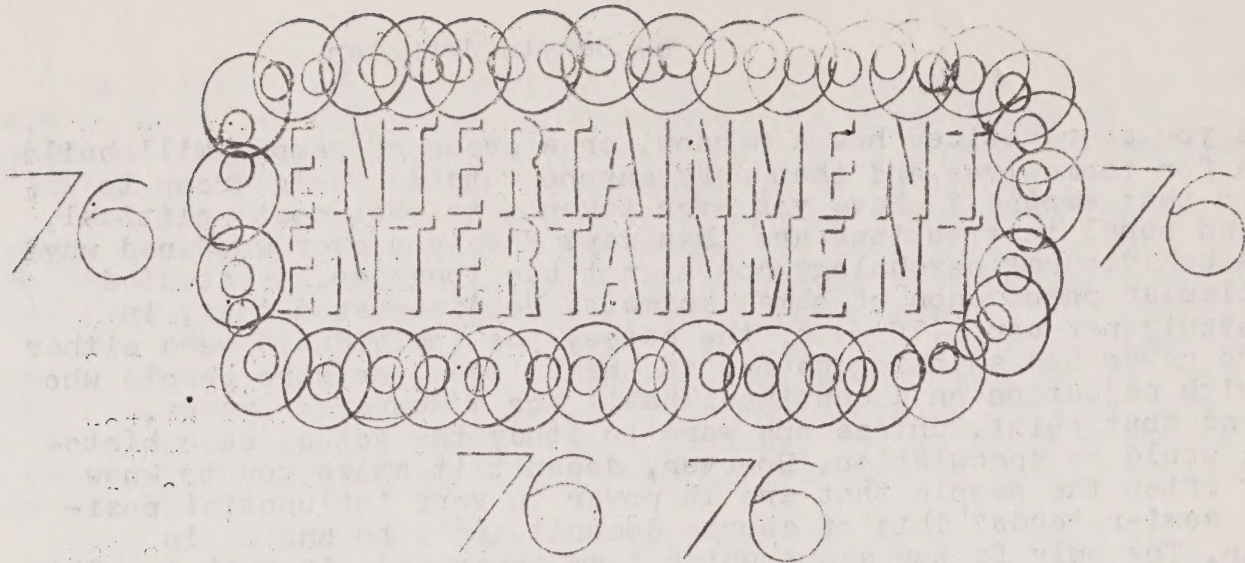
For the population, they meet in the reception centre every Monday night at 7:00 p.m. Drop in. Coffee is free and so is the fun.

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As yet, six more names are needed for the course on guitar and music theory. Anyone interested should sign up with Joe Petzold; the Supervisor of Arts and Culture. Put in a request. The cost is minimal and the teacher is fantastic. Sign up now!

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SUPPORT YOUR ALLSTAR BASKETBALL TEAM. They will begin playing in a wee k or two. Make sure that you come out to see the boys. It will please them to please you every game.



Sunday, March 7th, we were blessed with a performance of the Chai Folk Ensemble. This was their second of what is hoped will be an annual event. Forty-four young men and girls gave us a unique demonstration in precision, discipline, and a lot of natural ability.

The program featured the songs and dances of Israel, past and present, and, although we were unable to fully understand the language, (Hebrew), their use of body communication was more than enough to bridge the gap between the languages.

In spite of many costume changes, the cast was able to provide an almost continuous hour of Jewish custom and culture, enhanced by a live orchestra.

The Chai Folk Ensemble is directed by a husband and wife team; Ned and Jill LHOTKA, and has appeared many times in Winnipeg and other large Canadian centres.

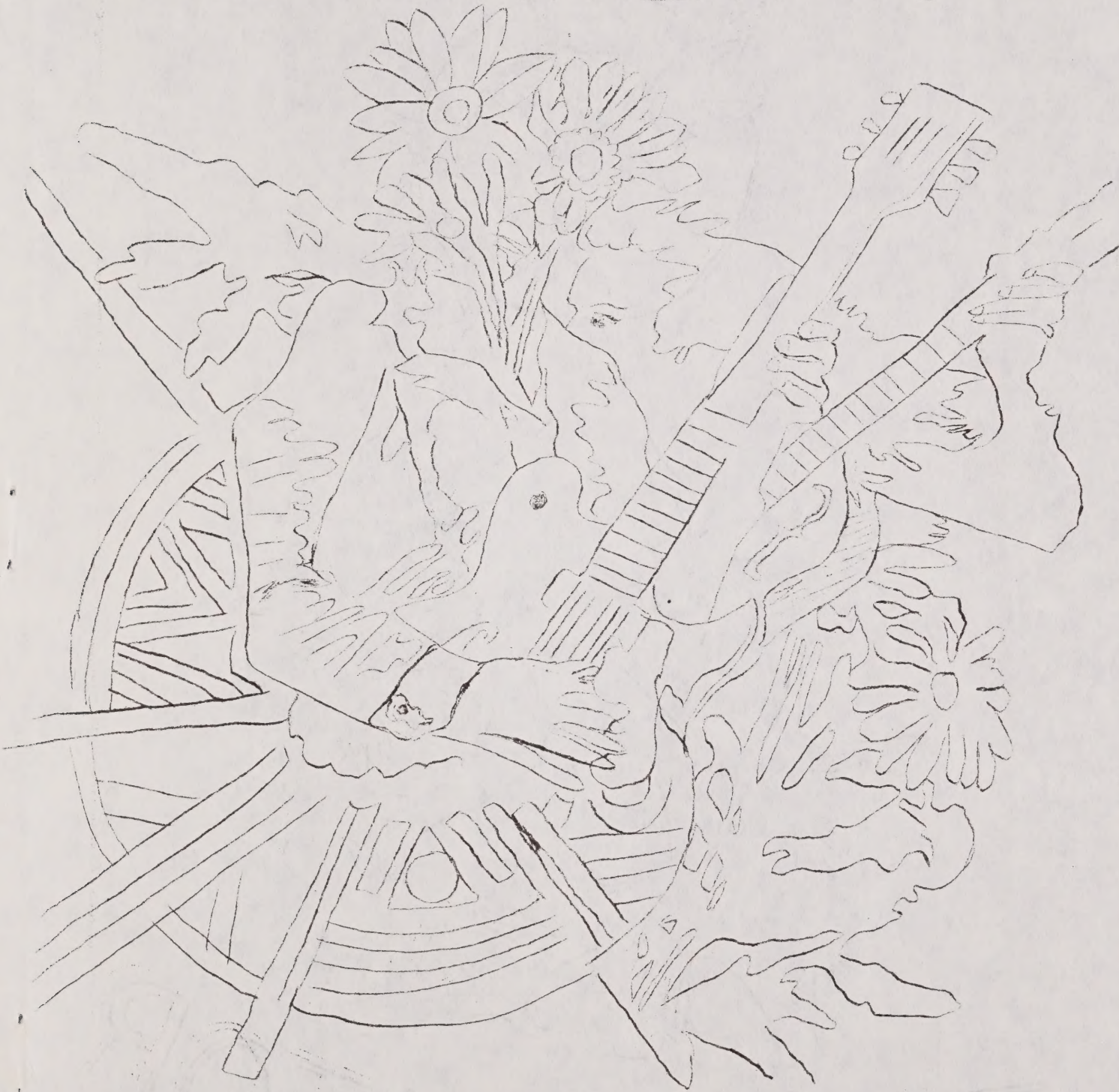
-reported by Joe Petzold
Supervisor-Arts and Culture

EDITORIAL COMMENT

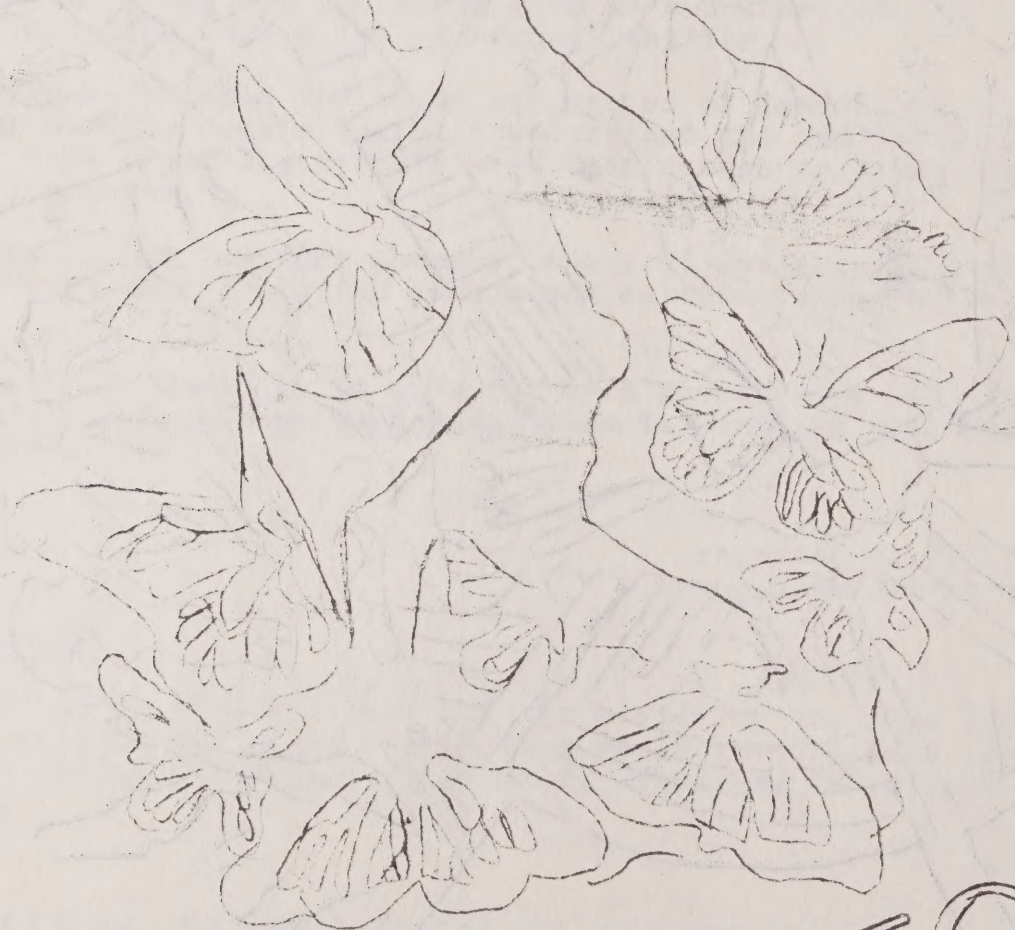
In passing, I would add that all those viewing the show (287 bodies), were quite impressed and we know that they would love to have the Chai Folk Ensemble return; as we know they will. Thankyou for a wonderful time. Shalom.

NOTE: IF YOU FELLAS ARE FINISHED WITH THE POCKETBOOKS? PLEASE RETURN THEM TO THE POCKETBOOK LIBRARIAN. There are a lot of others waiting to read those books. Thanks.

ENTERTAINMENT 76



THE



TERMINATOR